

THE
BEAUTIES

of

ANCIENT POETRY.

intended as a Companion
to the
Beauties of English Poetry.



L O N D O N.

Printed for E. Newbery, Corner of
St. Paul's Church Yard,
and J. Wallis, N^o 16. Ludgate-street

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Compiler of the following Collection of Ancient poetical Pieces, presumes to dissent, with great deference, from the high authority of that much admired and very elegant Writer who tells us, that the “ Age of Chivalry is gone.”

He flatters himself with some confidence, that there still remains among us a numerous train of those who admire the martial and heroic stile of our ancient Bards; as well as the pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, with which their Works abound.— Though the productions of our earlier times do not so eminently possess those higher beauties that dazzle the imagination, they seldom fail to interest the heart, and to awaken in it the tenderest and most pleasing emotions.

Impressed with these sentiments, the Compiler has in this selection endeavoured to rescue from the unrelenting hand of Time such of these Productions of the Ancient Poets, as appeared to him the most worthy of being preserved.—If his readers should but happily think his judgment equal to the industry he has employed in the occasion, he is certain he shall have the satisfaction to find, that he has not toiled in vain.

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SELECT
ANCIENT POEMS.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he floode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see!
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may the tydinges bee?

2 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye shee laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a filken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes the sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layde in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her fathir hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

Her fathir hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the northe countraye,
And within three days shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or sett her free.

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

3

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe.
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither flint ne flayd
Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he fayd,

O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who fate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfraye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
He carry thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not bee ;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee,

O ladye, thou with a knyghte so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye ;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knight should fly ?

Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.”

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall.

Faire Emmeline fighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe :
At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder hee drewe :

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a faire palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damfelle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And callde his merrie men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

6 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye:
 "Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
 Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye lynage,
 And was of a ladye borne,
 And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne
 To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyeest, Sir John the knight,
 Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
 A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
 Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
 Light downe, and hold my sceed,
 While I and this discourteous knight
 Doe trye this arduous deede.

But lighte now downe, my deare ladye,
 Light downe, and hold my horse;
 While I and this discourteous knight
 Do trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline fighde, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe,
 While twixt her love, and the carlish knight
 Past many a baleful blowe.

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

7

The Child of Elle hee fought foe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And ladye him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

“ Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye sayd wee may.

O give consent, shee may be mine,
And blesse a faithfulle paire:
My lands and livings are not small
My house and lynage faire:

2 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

My mother she was an erles daughter,
A noble knyght my fire——
The baron he frownde, and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline fighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge stand:
At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you callde your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheekke,
And turnde his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he floode,
And musde a little space;
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

9

Here take her, child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye hand,
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY
BARNARD.

AS it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When young men and maides together do goe
Their masses and mattins to heare.

Little Musgrave came to the church door,
The priest was at the mass,
But he had more mind of the fine women
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

10 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

And some of them were clad in greene,
 And others were clad in pall,
 And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,
 The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave,
 As bright as the summer sunne:
 O then bethought him little Musgrave,
 This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
 Fulle long and manye a daye.
 So have I loved you, ladye faire,
 Yet word I never durst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
 Full daintilye bedight,
 If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,
 Thoult lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
 This kindness yee shew to mee;
 And whether it be to my weale or woe,
 This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a tiney foot-page,
 By his ladyes coach as he ranne:
 Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,
 Yet Ime my lord Barnardes manne.

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

11

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this
Although I lose a limbe.
And ever whereas the bridges were broke
He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleepe or awake, thou lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Little Musgraves abed with thy wife.

If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the higheft tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my steede,
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury;
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe
Awaye, Musgrave, awaye.

Methinkes I hear the throsfle cocke,
Methinkes I heare the jaye,
Methinkes I heare lorde Barnardes horne,
I would I were awaye.

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold,
For it is but some shephardes boye
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,
Thy horse eating corne and haye?
And thou a gaye layde within thine arms:
And wouldst thou be awaye?

With that lord Bernard came to the dore,
And lighted upon a stone;
And he pulled out three silver keyes,
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheete;
How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgrave,
The more is my grieve and paine;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
And put thy cloathes nowe on,
It shall never be said in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbarde,
Full deare they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,
He hurt lord Barnard fore;
The next stroke that lord Barnard strucke,
Little Musgrave never strucke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas she laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave,
Yet for thee I will praye:

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her brest;
Great pitye it was to see
Some drops of this faire ladyes bloode
Run trickling down her knee.

14 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all,
 You never were borne for my goode:
 Why did you not offer to flay my hande,
 When you see me wax so woode?

For I have flaine the fairest sir knyghte,
 That ever rode on a fleede;
 So have I done the fairest lady'e,
 That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, lord Barnard cryde,
 To putt these lovers in,
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
 For shee comes o' the better kin.

THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S
 DAUGHTER.

THERE was a shepherds daughter
 Came tripping on the waye,
 And there by chance a knyghte shee mett,
 Which caused her to flaye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,
 These words pronounced hee:
 O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,
 If I've not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,
That you shold waxe so wode!
' But for all that shee could do or saye,
' He wold not be withstood.

Sith you have had your will of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a courteous knighte,
Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille;
But when I come to the kings faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water,
She sett her brest and swamme,
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,
To saye, faire maide, will you ride?
Nor she was never so loving a maide
To saye, fir knighte abide.

16 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

When she came to the kings faire courte,
 She knocked at the ring
 So readye was the king himself
 To let this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
 Now Christ you save and see,
 You have a knight within your courte
 This daye hath robbed mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
 Of purple or of pall?
 Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
 From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my liege,
 Of purple nor of pall:
 But he hath gotten my maiden head,
 Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
 His bodye Ile give to thee;
 But if he be a married man,
 High hanged hee shall bee.

He called downe his merrie men all,
 By one, by two, by three;
 Sir William used to bee the first,
 But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,
Tyed up withinne a glove,
Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee,
And seeke thee another love.

O Ile have none of your gold, she fadye,
Nor Ile have none of your fee,
But your faire bodye I must have
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,
These words then answered shee,
But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale!

18 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let me bee,
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white fleede,
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herself a dukes daughter
And he but a squires sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, fir knight,
Your pleasure shall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
Ile make you lord of three.

Ah! cursed bee the gold, he sayd,
If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe.

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joyned hand in hande:
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew schril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld fall we draw to,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house, o' the Rhodes,
To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
Beheld baith, dale and down:
There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ?
O see ze nat quhat I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I mervail quha they be.

20 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

She weend it had been hir lovely lord,
As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae fin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit, hirsel,
And putten on hir gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Where round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa fast as she could drie,
To see if by hir fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady faif,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all aghast.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night fall ye lig within mine armes,
To morrow my bride fall be:

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordon,
I winnae cum doun to thee ;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is fae far frae me.

Give owre your house, ze lady fair,
Give owre your house to me,
Or I fall brenn yourself therein,
Bot and your babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordon,
To nae fik traitor as zee ;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord fall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Claud, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun :
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee :
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house quo' fals Gordon,
All wood wi' dule and ire :
Fals ladye, ze fall rue this deid,
As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa flane,
Lets in the reek to mee?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa flane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die.

O than bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nourice' knee:
Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma:
O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa :
But on the point of Gordons spear,
She gat a deadliye fa.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry wer hir chieks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
O gin her face was wan !
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.

He turned hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir skin was whyte !
I might ha spared that bonnie face
To hae been fum mans delyte.

Busk and boun, my mirry men a',
For ill dooms I do guefs ;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grafs.

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits wil follow thame :
Let it nier be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kist her children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And said, Aw', awa;
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
As he came owre the lee;
He sied his castle all in a blaze
So far as he could see.

Then fair, O fair his Mind misgave,
And all his hart was wae:
Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
Sall nier get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
Fore fast out-owre the bent;
But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept teenefu' muid:
O traitors for this cruel deid
Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he micht drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR- MAID.

I Read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for woman-kinde,
But did them all disdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day.
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

6 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
 From heaven downe did hie ;
 He drew a dart and shot at him,
 In place where he did lye :
 Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
 And when he felt the arrow pricke,
 Which in his tender heart did flicke,
 He looketh as he would dye.
 What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
 That I to love must subject be,
 Which never thereto would agree,
 But still did it defie ?

Then from the window he did come,
 And laid him on his bed,
 A thousand heapes of care did runne
 Within his troubled head :
 For now he meanes to crave her love,
 And now he seekes which way to proove
 How he his fancie might remoove,
 And not this beggar wed.
 But Cupid had him so in snare,
 That this poore begger must prepare
 A salve to cure him of his care,
 Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
 He thought for to devise
 How he might have her companye,
 That so did 'maze hiseyes.

In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife;
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose.
And to his pallace gate he goes:
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

The gods preserve your majesty
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
The silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine,
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye:

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:

Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid, quoth he?
Penelophon, O king, quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsey,
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallace:
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace:
The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce
And said, O king, I do rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen both all and some
Upon the queene to wait.
And shee behavde herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way;

She had forgot her gowne of gray,
 Which she did weare of late.
 The proverbe old is come to passe,
 The priest, when he begins his masse,
 Forgets that ever clerke he was,
 He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
 Though long time fancie-fed,
 Compelled by the blinded boy
 The begger for to wed,
 He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
 To do the same was glad and faine,
 Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
 In storie, as we read.
 Disdaine no whit, O ladye deere,
 But pittie now thy servant heere,
 Least that it hap to thee this yeare
 As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
 During their princely faine;
 And in a tombe were buried both,
 As writers sheweth plaine.
 The lords they tooke it grievously,
 The ladies tooke it heavily,
 The commons cryed pitiously,
 Their death to them was paine.

Their fame did sound so passingly,
 That it did pierce the starry sky,
 And throughout all the world did flye
 To every princes realme.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

THIS winters weather waxeth cold,
 And frost doth freeze on every hill,
 And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
 That all our cattell are like to spill;
 Bell my wife, who loves no strife,
 She sayd unto me quietlie,
 Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes life,
 Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne'?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
 It is so bare and overworne,
 A cricke he thereon cannot renn:
 Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
 'For once Ile new appareld bee,
 To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,
Still as helpt us to butter and cheefe, I trow,
And other things she will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, counsell take of mee,
It is not for us to goe foe fine,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it foure and fortye yeare:
Some time it was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a figh-clout as you may see,
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since th' one of us the other did ken,
And wee have had betwixt us tow
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trowe they bee;
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

H E.

O Bell my wife, why dost thou floute!
 Now is nowe, and then was then:
 Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,'
 Soe farr above their owne degree:
 Once in my liffe Ile 'doe as they,'
 For Ill have a new cloake about mee.

S H E.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne,
 He held them sixpence all too deere;
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse but of a low degree:
 Itt's pride that putt's the countrye downe,
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

H E

' Bell my wife she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can,
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yeild, though Ime good-man':
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
 Unlesse he first gave oer the plea:
 Where I began I now mun leave,
 And take mine old cloak about mee,

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victoryes wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that reforted unto him,
And were of his round table.

And many juffs and turnaments,
Wherto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did then excell
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelott du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feates of arms,
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and game, and sport,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
In some adventurous fort.

34 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

He armed rode in forrest wide,
 And met a damfell faire,
 Who told him of adventures great,
 Whereto he gave good care.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott :
 For that cause came I hither.
 Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight full good,
 And I will bring thee thither.

Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
 That now is of great fame :
 Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
 And what may be thy name.

“ My name is Lancelott du Lake.”
 Quoth she, it likes me than :
 Here dwelles a knight who never was
 Yet matcht with any man :

Who has in prision threescore knights
 And four that he did wound ;
 Knights of King Arthurs courts they be,
 And of his table round.

She brought him to a river side,
 And also to a tree,
 Whereon a copper bason hung,
 And many sheilds to see.

He struck foe hard, the bason broke;
And Tarquin soon he spied:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tied.

Sir knight, then said Sir Lancelott,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
Weel try our force together.

For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott;
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their spears unto their steeds,
And each att other flye.

They coucht their spears, (their horses ran
As though there had been thunder
And stricke them each amidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backs brake under them,
The knights were both aſtound :
To avoyd their horses they made haſte
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their ſhields full faſt,
Their fwords they drew out than,
With mighty ſtrokes moſt eagerly
Eache at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full fore,
For breath they both did ſtand,
And leaning on their fwordes awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I ſhall aſke.
Say on, quoth Lancelott tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the beſt knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate :
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the reſt,
And eke accord with thee .

That is well ſayd, quoth Lancelott ;
But ſith it muſt be foe,
What knight is that thou hateſt thus?
I pray thee to me ſhow.

His name is Lancelott du Lake,
He slew my brother deere ;
Him I suspect of all the rest :
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,
I am Lancelott du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round ;
King Hauds son of Schuwake ;

And I desire thee do thy worst.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelott du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee :
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boares rushing,
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another flashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood :
Tarquin began to yield,
For he gave backe for wearinesse,
And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelott espyde,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
And, when he had soe done,
From prison threescore knights and four
Delivered everye one.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE.

LIVE with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies Spring, but sorrows Fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

KING LEAR AND HIS THREE
DAUGHTERS.

KING Lear once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase:
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:

And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said:
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake;
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love:
That sweet content and quietness;
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayest thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find;

Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm,
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land :
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here :
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear :
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town :

Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground :

Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father 'old' king Lear this while
With his two daughters staid,
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd,
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee :
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three :
Nay, one she thought too much for him,
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave ?

I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he would have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.

Then back again to Gonorell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread:

To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possessed with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant fort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent,

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse king Leir
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:

Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel slain:
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Posselt his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battel move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents:
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love,
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grafs turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

50 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not foe;
Somegostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and figh:
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:
For, violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not foe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not foe:
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comliest youth was he:—
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe :
My love he had the truest heart :
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee ?
Then farewell home ; for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not I pray :
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

Yet flay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeles love,
These holy weeds I fought ;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace
Is not yet past away.
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I flay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart :
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

G I L D E R O Y.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of filken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comlie fight,
To see sae trim a boy,
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! like two charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly filken clothes:
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor,
We gan to luvè each other;

Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridall day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luv'd of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lass'e eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith fixteen,
And aft we pass'd the langsome time,
Among the leaves fae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kifs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feates of strife:

And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
“ My benifon gang wi’ thee!
God speed the weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent fith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.”

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear’d in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun;
Nane eir durst meet him mán to man,
He was fae brave a boy,
At length wi’ numbers he was tane.
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To ‘reave of life for ox or afs,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:

Had not their laws been made fae strick,
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiss,
He mought hae banisht been,
Ah! what fair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had fae white a hand,
As thee my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy fae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was fae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comlye clay;

And fiker in a grave fae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

WINIFREDA;

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood:
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lip their mother's tongue.

And, when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing with my boys.

J E M M Y D A W S O N.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain:
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd;
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their fash he wore,
And in the fatal drefs was found ;
And now he muft that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's fentence reach'd her ear ?
For never yet did Alpine fnows
So pale, nor yet fo chill appear.

With faltering voice ſhe weeping faid,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orifons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou ſhouldeſt be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou ſhalt not want a faithful friend
To ſhare thy bitter fate with thee.

62 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For tho' it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Yet, yet, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
So sad, so tender, and so true.

YOU MEANER BEUTYES.

YOU meaner beutyes of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Like common people of the skyes;
What are yee, when the moon doth rise?

Yee violets, that first appeare,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the spring were all your owne;
What are yee when the rose is blown?

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By weak accents: What is your praise
When Philomel her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetnesse of her looks, and minde;
By vertue first, then choyce a queen;
Tell mee if shee was not designde
The ecclipse and glory of her kinde?

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY minde to me a kingdome is,
Such perfect joye therein I find,
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That world affords, or growes by kind:
Though much I want that most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live, this is my flay,
I seek no more than may suffice,
I preſs to bear no haughty ſway,
Looke what I lacke my mind ſupplies:
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plenty ſurfeits oft,
And haſty climbers oft do fall;
I ſee how thoſe that ſit aloft,
Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all;
They get, they toyle, they ſpend with care,
Such cares my mind could never beare.

66 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
 I grudge not at anothers gaine;
 No worldly wave my mind cantosse,
 I brooke that is anothers paine:
 I feare no foe, I scorne no friend,
 I dread no death, I feare no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more;
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my chiefe defence,
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence:
 Loe thus I live, thus will I die,
 Would all did so as well as I.

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
 No force to get the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a lovers eye:
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

I joy not at an earthy blisse,
I weigh not Crefus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is,
I fear not fortunes fatall law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish not what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more,
I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
In greatest storme I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toile in vaine
To get that must be lost again.

I kifs not where I wish to kill;
I faine no love whe:e most I hate,
I breake no sleep to winne my will,
I waite not at the mighties gate,
I scorne no poor, I fear no rich,
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worst of all,
The golden meane betwixt them both,
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY.

IN auneiente days tradition shoves
 A bafe and wicked elfe arofe,
 The Witch of Wokey hight:
 Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
 From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
 On fome long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary difmall cell,
 Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
 This blear-eyed hag did hide:
 Nine wicked elves, as legends fayne,
 She chofe to form her guardian trayne,
 And kennel near her fide.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
 While wolves its craggy fides poffest,
 Night-howling thro' the rock:
 No wholefome herb could here be found;
 She blafed every plant around,
 And blifter'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes:
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And will he did, I ween:
Sich mischief never had been known,
And, since his mickle lerninge shewn,
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chaunted out his godlie booke,
He crost the water, blest the brooke,
Then—pater noster done;
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er;
When lo! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly flone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale :
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to say, there's never a one.
That has not seen the witch in stone,
With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well ;
With grieved heart, alas ! I tell,
She left this curse behind :
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
Tho' sence and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For lo ! even as the fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous scant :
Here's beauty, wit, and sence combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane ?
They might as well, like her, be stone,
As thus forsaken dwell.
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ;
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
And, oh ! revoke the spell.

Yet flay—nor thus despond, ye fair;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
We only wait to find such men,
As best deserve your choice.

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
And soleapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whofo his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand,

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythfome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countleſs charms-can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green filk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad.
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain:
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dyes away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning 'round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are slain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limped waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and Dukes, and noble Princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' the squadrons flow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe behind a renegado

Loudly ſhouts with taunting cry ;

Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,

Doeſt thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Chriſtian,

Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;

Oft I've in the liſts of glory

Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,

Well thy blooming bride I know,

Seven years I was thy captive,

Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wiſhes,

Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine :

Thou ſhalt drink that cup of ſorrow,

Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,

Back he ſends an angry glare :

Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,

Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury

Sent a deep and mortal wound :

Instant ſunk the Renegado,

Mute and lifeleſs on the ground.

With a thousand Moors furrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious presses the hostile Squadron,
Furious he repels their rage ;
Loss of blood at length infeeble :
Who can war with thousands wage !

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd,

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
When night was cum, and fun was fett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet haes,
O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now brother rede ye mee;
A' fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I fall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sifter gane:
Now sifter rede ye mee;
O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye fould sigh and fay, Alace!
What is thi we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may lieve the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your sicken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing roome,
And drefs to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

80 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
 She sat on Maries sleen;
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk
 She shimmer'd like the sun,
 The belt that was about her waist,
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer fae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 Whan fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
 She spak wi' meikle spite;
 And whair gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak yee fae white?

O I did get the rose-water,
 Whair ye wull nier get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth vexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was fae sharp,
That was fae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
Than strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.


And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvvers deare.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three,
But the Bravest man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbey.

The next was captain Norris,
A valliant man was hee;
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:



You musquet and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Says brave lord Willoughbey.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail;
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

For seven hours to all mens view
This fight endured fore,
Untill our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more,
And then upon dead horses
Full favourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;

84 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard
A thousand more they flew,

The sharp steel pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valliant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell,

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued courageously,
And caught their forces quite;

But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky,
God, and St. George for England!
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this fame victory :
O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To th' souldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allow'd a pension
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free,
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Englishmen
And never be dismaid,
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid

To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free :
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! whair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the earl of Murray,
And hae layd him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !
And whairfore did you fae ?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to flay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba' ;
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queenes luvē.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle downe,
Ere she see the earl of Murray
Cum founding throw the towne.

MARY AMBREE.

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death colde
not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the cittye of Gaunte,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And formost in battele was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was flaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was flaine most treacherousslie,
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

88 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

A helmett of prooffe fhee ftrait did provide,
A ftrong arminge fword fhee girt by her fide,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett had fhee:
Was not this a brave bonny lafs, Mary Ambree.

Then tooke fhee her fworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all fuch as wolde, bee of her band;
To wayt on her perfon came thoufand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lafs, Mary Ambree?

My fouldiers fo valiant and faithfull, fhe fayd,
Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd;
Still formoft in battel myfelfe will I bee:
Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her fouldiers, and thus they did fay,
Soe well thou becomeft this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons foe well doe agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her fouldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and flandard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that founded fo free;
Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Before I will fee the worft of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture fo free;
Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her fouldiers in battel arraye,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts foe hott;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pelletts and powder had spent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee flasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on every side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beate down her walles they all did decree;
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring the captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thyselfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thyselfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.
Then smiled sweetlye, fair Mary Ambree.

Now captaines couragious, of valour foe bold,
Whom thinke you before you that you doe behold?
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine foe free,
Who shortlye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosome, and therefore noe knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath provd foe undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree!

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of Englande, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
Therefore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF
SCOTS.

WOE worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlande!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleighte;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed it with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To be a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and so have I,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

92 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

There was an Italian in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
And David Riccio was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
Hee wold have fate him downe i' th' chaire,
Although it befeemed him not so well,
And though the kinge were present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
And I shall tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene she saw her chamberlaine slaine
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeaere and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,
And made their vow all vehementlye;
That for the death of the chamberlaine,
How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his waye;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthy king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
All underneath the castle wall.

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd:
Now answer me, that I may know.
" King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
For his sweete fake some pittty show."

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd,
Now answer me when I doe speake.
" Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pittty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pittty thee as much, hee sayd,
And as much favour show to thee;
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to dye.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchard,
There on a peare-tree hangd him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard,
How that the worthy king was flaine;
He pursued the queen so bitterlye,
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England,
And here her residence hath tane;
And through the queene of Englands grace,
In England now shee doth remaine.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

THE doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
As threaten mine annoy.

For fallhood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebbe,
Which would not be if reason rul'd,
Or wisdom wev'd the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried
Do cloake aspiring mindes;
Which turn to raine of late repent,
By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe wil be;
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeled eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unfeeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Ourreusty sworde with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
Shall 'quickly' poll their toppes, that seeke
Such change, and gape for joy.

THE STURDY ROCK.

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain:
The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soone deceived by subtile hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last,

But vertue fits triumphing fill
Upon the throne of glorious fame :
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name :
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

Y O U N G W A T E R S .

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zounge Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

K

98 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Gowden graith'd his horſe before
 And filler ſhod behind,
 The horſe zoung Waters rade upon
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But then ſpake a wylie lord,
 Unto the queen ſaid he,
 O tell me qhua's the faireſt face
 Rides in the company.

I've ſene lord, and I've ſene laird,
 And knights of high degree;
 Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters
 Mine eyne did never ſee.

Out then ſpack the jealous king,
 (And an angry man was he)
 O, if he had been twice as fair
 Zou might have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord ſhe ſays,
 Bot the king that wears the crown;
 Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
 But to thee maun bow down.

For a' that ſhe could do or ſay,
 Appeas'd he wad nae bee;
 Bot for the words which ſhe had ſaid
 Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind Bot and the rain:
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding hill
His horse, bot and his faddle.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the queen had spoke,
Zoung Waters he did dee.

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

WILL ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?
The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
But nae half fae sweit as thee.
O marions a bonnie lass;
And the blyth blinks in her ee:
And fain wad I marrie Marion,
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theires gowd in zour garters Marion,
And filk on zour white haufs-bane.
Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
At eene quhan I cum hame.
Theires braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee
At kirk, quhan they see my Marion,
Bot nane of tham lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawney quay:
Ise gie tham au to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And zees get a grein fey apron,
And waistcote o' London broun;
And wow bot ze will be vapping
Quhaneer ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and flout, my Marion,
Nane dance lik mee on the greine;
And gin ze forfak me, Marion,
Ife een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,
And kirkle oth cramafie;
And fune as my chin has nae haire on,
I fall cum west, and see zee.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I Lothe that I did loye,
In youth that I thought swete:
As tyme requires for my behove,
Me thinks they are not mete.

For age with stealing sleps,
Hath clawed me with his crowch,
And lusty life away she leapes,
A sthere had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle rime,
And day by day to me she cryes,
Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, limping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provyde

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A howse of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knowles the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that clene shal be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare,
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bar-hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthful yeres did sow.

For beauty with her band,
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay wer cast by kinde,
So shall ye waft to dust.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

WHERE gripinge grefesthe hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver found
With spede is wont to send redresse:
Of trobled mynds, in every fore,
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
By musickes pleasaunt swete delights:
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subiecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have their prayse,
The lyfe, the soule therein doth joye;
For, as the Romaine poet sayes,
In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on hys harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
 Even as the ſterne dothe rule the ſhippe!
 O muſicke, whom the gods affinde
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
 Senſe thow both man and beſte doeſt move,
 What beſte ys he, wyll the diſprove?

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

GEntle herdsman, tell to me,
 Of curteſy I thee pray,
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Which is the right and ready way.

“ Unto the towne of Walsingham
 “ The way is hard for to be gone;
 “ And verrey crooked are thoſe pathes
 “ For you to find out all alone.”

Were the miles doubled thiſe,
 And the way never ſoe ill,
 Itt were not enough for mine offence;
 Itt is ſoe grievous and ſoe ill.

106 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

" Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
" Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
" Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
" For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, herdsman, yes, foe woldst thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr,
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderly hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proude his paine to see,
That I, who did not know my selfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee..

And grew foe coy and nice to please,
As womens lookes are often foe,
He might not kifes, nor hand forfooth,
Unlesse I willed him foe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there hee dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For foe did hee, and foe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray;
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

“ Now goe thy ways, and God before!
“ For he must ever guide thee still:
“ Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
“ And so faire Pilgrim, fare thee well!”

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER.

OH, Fortune! how thy restless waving state
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
 Witnes this present prison, whither fate
 Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
 Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
 From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
 Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death had well deserved.
 But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. M, D, LV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONER.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT,

A SCOTTISH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly still and sleipe!
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe,
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His saynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did nat appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe, nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile:
But smile nat, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever wil
Be luvng to thy father flil:
Whair-eir he gaes, whair-eir he ryde,
My luv with him maun flil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

Bot doe nat, doe nat, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir hae care,
For womens banning's wonderous fair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles mann eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right fast will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;

For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us than they care nae how.
Balow, my babe, ly flil, and fleipe,
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

ARABELLA STUART.

WHERE London's tow're its turrets shoue,
So flatelye by the Thame's fyde,
Faire Arabella, chyld of woe,
For manye a daye had sat and sigh'd.

And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake wyndes roare,
As fast did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poure.

The sun that joy'd the blithsom daye,
The moone that chear'd the night's dull houre,
Still founde the faire to grieve a preye,
The victim of tyrannic pow're.

112 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

- " And why," that haplesse ladye cried,
 " From royal race am I deriv'd?
 " Had I to peasants beene ally'd,
 " Happye, tho' poore, I then had liv'd.
- " Ambition never won my mynde,
 " For many its victim I have knowne;
 " Alas! like mee, here once confin'd —
 " Their houres of peace for ever flowne.
- " Because by bloode to kyngs ally'd —
 " Ah me! how cruel the pretence!
 " My name offends the ear of pryde;
 " My being borne—is my offence.
- " Torne from my friends, from all the joyes,
 " That virtuous freedom can afford;
 " But more my bleeding bosom sighes,
 " Torne from my love—my wedded lorde.
- " Alas, deare youthe! and must wee parte,
 " And shall I see my love no more,
 " Save when, to soothe my wounded hearte,
 " Beneath my tow'r thy wispers soare?
- " When the still nighte, with darksome shade,
 " Enrapt these dreary walls arounde,
 " Anxious, I listen for thy treade,
 " O'erjoy'd, I heare thy dear voice founde.

“ But who can tell the pangs so keene
“ That such ill-fated lovers knowe,
“ Where tow’res and bars arise betweene,
“ Darke spies above and guardes belowe ?

“ In vaine for mee the sun doth rise !
“ In vaine to mee the moone doth shyne !
“ The smyling earthe ne’er chears my eyes,
“ Here doom’d in misery to pine.

“ And as I heare the waves arise,
“ And as I heare the bleake wyndes roare,
“ Still still as faste will heave my sighes,
“ And still soe faste my teares must poure.”

Now came her lorde with lover’s speede,
And at the wall thus wisper’d hee :

“ Arise, my love, nor thinke of dreade,
“ Thy husband’s come to set thee free.”

Th’ astonish’d lady rose with speede,
And saw her lover stand belowe ;—

“ The blessing that soe much I neede,
“ Oh, how can’st thou on me bestowe ?”

“ Oh, I have brib’d the partial fates—

“ Descend this ladder, love, to mee—

“ On yonder stream a ship awaites,

“ To waite us o’er the briny sea.”

114 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Faire Arabella heard the tale,
And thrice for joye shee turn'd and sigh'd;
Yet 'ere shee let fond hope prevaile,
Thus to the hasty youthe shee cry'd:

" Lorde Seymour, well I knowe thy hearte,
" Thy truthe and constancye to mee;
" Yet ne'er from hence would I departe,
" If ought of harme should hap to thee.

" For know, shoulde wee in flighte be ta'en,
" Th' offended crowne would have thy lyfe—
" Staye, lest thy zeale should be our bane,—
" And breake the hearte of thy poor wyfe."

Oh then lord Seymour waxed pale,
And thrice for grieve hee sigh'd full sore:
" And nowe muste all my projects faile,
" And all my hopes of blis bee o'er?

" Too cruel maid! to let fond feare
" Thus dash the hope that ne'er'l returne!
" Oh come, my love—nor wanton tear
" The hearte that aye for thee doth burne.

" Dear wyfe, no more our hopes withstande,
" Descend—or wee shall meete no more"
Then nimble drew her lilly hande,
And downe the trembling faire hee bore.

And nowe adowne the Thame's faire fireame,
That lady joyful sail'd awaye,
While flatt'ring hope, with silver dreame,
Her bosom sooth'd the live long daye.

And now shee cry'd, " Adieu to woe!
" Smoothe as the gentle fireame I see,
" My future houres in peace shall flowe,
" Enrich'd with love and libertye.

" And tho' I see the waves arise,
" And tho' I hear the rude windes roare,
" Yet still no more shall heave my sighes,
" Nor down my cheekes the salt teares poure."

But nowe the storme began to low're,
And 'frighted hope dissolv'd to air,
(That faithles fantom of an houre!)
And left the ladye to despayre.

In vain was spreade the swelling saile,
In vain they steere before the winde;
For tyranny would still prevaile,
And strive to chaine the free-borne minde.

The haples ladye to regaine,
Arm'd ships spreade all the ocean o'er;
And grim despaire bestrode the main,
To seize the victim of his pow'r.

And they have ta'en that haplesse fayre,
And to the drearye tow're have borne;
Nor heede the pangs of keene despaire,
With which her breaking hearte is torne.

There lowe shee layes absorb'd in griefe;
And, more to edge its poignancye,
Shee trembles for a husband's life,
More deare to her than libertye.

There doom'd her future life to weare,
No more the balm of hope to knowe,
Shee yields her to the fiend despaire,
That points the barbed dart of woe.

And as she heares the waves arise,
And as shee heares the bleak windes roar,
As fast doe heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her salt teares poure.

THE WANDERING MAYDE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

IT was by a baron's castle gaye
A wand'ring mayde dyd rove;
For manye a myle had she tooke her waye,
In searche of her true love:
For manye a myle, both day and nighte,
Despayring dyd shee rove;
Nor bleste the lighte that chear'd her fyghte,
For shee had losse her love.

Shee sat her downe by the moate soe wyde,
And her teares began to flowe;
She sat her downe, and sad shee sigh'd,
Oercome with toile and woe:
" But altho' I shed full manye a teare,
" And altho' I fet and fighe,
" Yet ever I'll love thee, youth soe deare,
" And for thee will I dye."

118 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

And nowe oer the hie drawbridge came neare

A minstrel blithe and gaye;

“ And why,” hee cry’d, “ sweete mayden, here

“ Dost thou despayring laye?

“ For the welkin rounde is blacke with rayne,

“ And the water’s alle foe colde,

“ E’en hardye cattle, that graze the playne,

“ Beget them to a holde.”

“ Alas!” shee cry’d, “ I’ve lost my love,

“ And I’ve soughte hym farre and neare:

“ Sweete minstrel, haste thou seene hym rove,

“ The youthe whom I love so deare?

“ Faire mayde, thy love howe shoulde I knowe

“ From other youths I see?

“ Oh by hys lockes foe fayre that flowe,

“ And hys mien so blighte of blee.

“ Hys face is fraughte with beautye’s finyle,

“ The rose and lillyes there;

“ Hys voice like musick can beguile

“ The wrinkled brow of care:

“ Alas! it was that face that smil’d,

“ That broughte my heart to woe;

“ That musicke voyce that mee beguil’d,

“ And made my teares to flowe.

“ Neare these hie tow’rs, foe fayre to view,

“ I’m tolde the youthe hath beene;

“ Then telle mee, minstrel, tell mee true,

“ Hast thou my true love seene?

“ Noe, mayde, thy love I have not seene,

“ By day nor yet by nighte;

“ Alas! how harde that heart, I weene,

“ That coulde such beautye flighte!

“ But, lovely mayde, doe not thus rove,

“ And breake thy heart with woe;

“ But go with mee and bee my love,

“ And I’ll not flighte thee foe.”

Then tooke this minstrel hys harpe of golde,

And sweetlye ’gan to playe;

But the faithful mayde to hym was colde,

For alle that hee colde faye.

“ Noe, minstrel, tho’ full sad I rue

“ That hee from mee is gone,

“ Yet still to hym I’ll aye bee true,

“ And true to hym alone;

“ And o’er the lone countrie, daye and nighte,

“ Despayring will I rove,


“ Nor blesse the lighte that cheares mye flighte,

“ Till I have founde my love.

And nowe cam forthe a soldier gaye,
 And hys broade sworde hee hath ta'en;
 And, had not the minstrel fled awaye,
 Full soone hee had hym slayne:
 " Oh mayde, heede not that minstrel's guile,
 " But mee take for thy love;
 " And then to the wars, for golde and spoyle,
 " Right merrylie wee will rove."

" Noe, warrioure, noe; tho' sad I rove,
 " And my love from mee is gon,
 " Yet still I'll seeke that faithles love,
 " And love but hym alone:
 " And ever I'll wander day and nighte,
 " While colde, colde blowes the winde,
 " Nor blefs the light that chears mye fighte,
 " 'Till I my true love fynde."

The soldier was scant ygone, when lowe,
 A forrester cam that waye,
 And merrylie rode hee hic and lowe,
 All yclad in greene foe gaye:
 Shee stop'd the gallante on the greene,
 " And telle," shee cry'd, " I praye,
 " 'Mong yonder forrestes hast thou seene
 " My wand'ring true love straye?"



- “ And howe shalle I knowe the youthe you seeke
“ From other youthes I see?
“ Oh welle maye you knowe hym ere hee doth speake,
“ Hys mien's so brighte of blee.”
“ Sweete mayden, tho' 'monge the forestes greene
“ With earlye horne I rove,
“ Believe mee, deare mayde, I have not seene
“ The faithlesse youthe you love.
- “ Nowe, charming mayde, doe not thus rove,
“ Nor wander thus forlorne;
“ But goe with mee, and ever I'll love,
“ And shelter thee from scorne:
“ And we will hunte with earlye horne,
“ And sing the livelong daye;
“ And the chearful eve, and the smiling morne,
“ Shall ever fynde us gaye.
- “ And thou, attir'd in robes of greene,
“ A huntress blithe and gaye,
“ Shall aye bee call'd, wher'ere thou'rt seene,
“ The sporting queenē of Maye.
“ Come, turne thee, mayde, and bee my love,
“ And to my passion yeilde;
“ And ever delighted will wee rove,
“ The princes of the fielde.”

122 . SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

- “ Noe, I wyll not bee rob'd in greene,
“ Thy flatterye alle I scorne :
“ Nor will I bee of Maye the queene,
“ To hunte with earlye horne ;
“ But I will rove, both day and nighte,
“ Thro' stormye hail and winde ;
“ Nor blefs the light that chears my fighte,
“ 'Till I my true love finde.”

PART THE SECOND.

THE forrester blithe nowe rode awaye,
And blew hys founding horne,
While by the moate the mayden laye,
All desolate and forlorne :
Yet still she cry'd, “ Tho' I shed the teare,
“ And heave full many a fighe,
“ Yet ever I'll love thee, youthe so deare,
“ And for thee I will dye.”

All this behearde the baron gaye,
In the lone tow're where hee sat,
And with manye a fighe hee tooke hys waye,
And came to the castle gate.
And there hee sawe the mayden laye,
By the moate side alle forlorne;
And alle for the love of a youthe so gaye,
Who had treated her with scorne.

Her cheeke, once red as summer rose,
Nowe pale as wintry skies;
And wan her cherry lips dyd close,
That her love dyd once so prize;
And colde, colde was that lilly hand,
That hee foe ofte had presse —
Full manye a sigh (as hee there did stande)
The baron's woe confeste.

The mayden tolde her piteous tale,
With manye a fighe and teare,
How shee for her love, thro' heate and colde,
Had wander'd farre and neare.
“ Alas! deare mayde,” the baron sigh'd,
“ Thy tale is sad and fore;
“ But, charming mayde,” full loud hee cry'd,
“ Thy sorrows now bee o'er.

" Yes, mayden, thou no more shalt rove,

" No more unhappie straye;

" But thou, dear mayde, shalt bee my love,

" My countessriche and gaye."

The haples mayden wond'ring hearde

The baron talke of love;

Yet still, altho' that baron shee fear'd,

" Right faithfulle dyd shee prove.

" Come turne to mee, and bee my love,

" And bee my ladye gaye;

" And thou no more for scorne shalt rove,

" Soe sad, the livelong daye:

" But thou in robes of golde, my faire,

" More brighte than daye shall shyne—

" Come, leave colde woe, and leave despayre,

" And to my suite inclyne.

" Fayre maydens shall attend on thee,

" All fam'd for beautye rare;

" Yet, ever sweete mayden, shalt thou bee

" The fairest of all the fayre.

" Brighte golde and gems from th' easterne mine,

" Thy grandeure shall proclayme;

" But thye brighte lockes shall the golde outshyne,

" Thie eyes the jewels shayme."

- " Alas!" shee cry'd, " despise a mayde
" Destin'd with scorne to lyve;
" What, tho' thy grandeur's thou'lt display'd,
" —My heart's not myne to give:
" But I must rove, both daye and nighte,
" While colde, colde blowes the winde;
" Nor blesse the lighte that chears my fighte,
" 'Till my owne true love I fynde."

Then up arose the haplesse mayde,
And woulde fayne have fled away;
But the wond'ring baron softe her slay'd,
And thus with joye dyd saye:
" Nowe heav'n thee blesse, thou faithful dame,
" For thy deare constante love!
" Myne bee the faulte, and myne the blame,
" That made thee thus to rove.

- " I am thy true (but cruel) love,
" Altho' a baron borne;
" And 'twas thy faithe, deare mayde, to prove,
" I let thee rove forlorne.
" I from yon tow're have hearde thy moane,
" And it pierc'd mee to thee hearte:
" Nowe take mee, deare mayden; I am thy owne
" And never more wille wee parte.

- " Yon castle, with its wyde domayne,
 " Shall bee thy dow're, my love;
 " And there like a princeſs ſhalte thou reigne,
 " Nor more in miſerye rove:
 " But wee will live and love foe true,
 " And with ſuche conſtancye,
 " That, if ſterne death thee firſte ſhall ſlaye,
 " Deare mayde, I'll dye with thee."

The mayden bluſh'd to fynd her love

A baron of hie fame;

While ſonde hee cry'd, " Thy feares remove,

" Thy faith my pryde doth ſhayne.

" Agayne to thee my troth I plighte,

" And let thy joyes abounde;

" And bleſs the lighte that cheares thy fighte,

" For thy true love is founde."

THE BATCHELOR's PLEA AGAINST
MATRIMONY.

THE batchelor most joyfullye,
In pleafant plight doth paffe his daies,
Good fellowfhip and companie
He doth maintaine and kepe alwaie.

With damfells brave he maye well goe,
The married man cannot doe fo,
If he be merie and toy with any,
His wife will frowne, and words geve manye;

Her yellow hofe fhe ftrait will put on,
So that the married mandare not difpleafe his wife Joane.

THE RENUING OF LOVE.

IN going to my naked bedde
 As one that would have slept,
 I hearde a wife sing to her child,
 That long before had wept.
 She sighed fore and sang full sweete,
 To bring the babe to rest,
 That would not cease but cried still,
 In sucking at her brest.
 She was full wearie of her watch,
 And greued with her child,
 She rocked it and rated it
 Till that on her it smilde.
 Then did she saie, now have I founde
 This prouerbe true to proue,
 The falling out of faithfull frends,
 Renuing is of loue.

Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke
 This prouerbe for to write,
 In regester for to remaine
 Of such a worthie wight:

As she proceded thus in song
Unto her little bratte,
Muche matter uttered she of waight
In place whereat she fatte,
And proued plaine there was no beast
Nor creature bearing life
Could well be knowne to liue in loue,
Without discorde and strife:
Then kissed shee her little babe
And sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull friends
Renuing is of loue.

She saied that neither king ne prince,
Ne lord could liue aright,
Untill their puissance they did proue
Their manhode and their might.
When manhode shal be matched so
That feare can take no place,
Then wearie works makes warriours
Eche other to embrace,
And leaue their forse that failed them,
Which did consume the rout,
That might before haue liued their tyme
And their fulle nature out:
'Then did she syng as one that thought
No man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithfull frendes
Renuing is of loue.

She said she sawe no fishe ne foule
 Nor beast within her haunt,
 That mett a straunger in their kinde,
 But could geue it a taunt;
 Since fleshe might not indure,
 But rest must wrathe succede,
 And forse who fight to fall to play,
 In pasture where they feede.
 So noble nature can well ende
 The works she hath begone
 And bridle well that will not cease
 Her tragedy in some;
 Thus in her songe she oft reherst,
 As did her well behoue,
 The falling out of faithfull frendes
 Renuing is of loue.

I maruaile much pardy quoth she,
 For to behold the route,
 To see man, woman, boy and beast
 To tesse the world about.
 Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some check,
 And some can smothly smile,
 And some embrace others in arme,
 And there thinke many a wile.
 Some stande aloufe at cap and knee,
 Some humble and some floute,
 Yet are they neuer frend indeede
 Vntil they once fall out:

Thus ended she her song and said
 Before she did remoue,
 'The falling out of faithfull friends
 Renuing is of loue.

SONNET ON ELIZABETH MARKHAME.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose,
 'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose;
 From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse;
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
 Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
 Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blusshyng cheek speakes modest mynde,
 The lipps besitting wordes moste kynde;
 The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
 And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire;
 Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,
 Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushyng cheeke,
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine,
 O Venus, take thy giftes again:
 Make not so faire to cause our moane,
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

HENRY AND CATHERINE.

IN antiente times in Britain's isle
 Lord Henrie was well knowne;
 No knight was in his day more fam'd
 Nor more deserv'd renowne;
 His thoughts on honoure always ranne;
 He never bow'd to love;
 No ladie in the lande had charmes,
 His frozen heart to move.

Midst all the nymphs where Catherine wente,
 The fairest face she shoves;
 She was as brighte as morning sunne;
 And sweet as any rose.

Altho' she was of lowe degree,
She still did conquests gaine;
For scarce a youth who her behelde,
Escap'd her pow'rfulle chaine:

But soone her eys their lustre lost,
Her cheekes grew pale and wan;
For pininge seiz'd her beauteous face,
And every grace was gone:
This sicknesse was to all unknowne;
Thus did the fair one waste
Her time in sighs, and floodes of tears,
Or broken slumbers passe.

Once in a dreame she called aloude,
" O! Henry! I'me undone!
" O cruel fate! O helpleffe maide!
" My love can ne'er be knowne.
" But 'tis the fate of woman kinde
" The truth we must conceale;
" I'll die ten thousande thousande deathes,
" Ere I my love reveale."

A tender friend who watch'd the fair,
To Henrie hied away:
" My lorde, she cries, we've found the cause
" Of Catherine's quick decay.

34 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

“ She in a dreame the secret tolde,
“ Till now no mortal knew;
“ Alas! she now expiring lies,
“ And dies for love of you.”

The gentle Henrie's soul was stricke,
His heart began to flame:
“ O! poor unhappy maid,” he cried!
“ Yet am I not to blame.
“ O! Catherine! too, too modest maid;
“ Thy love I never knewe,
“ I'll ease thy paine.”—As swifte as winde,
To her bedside he flew.

“ Awake, he cried, thou lovely maid,
“ Awake, awake, my dear!
“ If I had only guest thy love,
“ Thou hadst not shedde a tear.
“ 'Tis Henrie calls; despair no more;
“ Renew thy wonted charmes:
“ I'm come to call thee back from deathe,
“ And take thee to my arms.”

That word reviv'd the lifelesse maide,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And smiling on her long-lov'd lorde,
She started from the bed;

Her armes about his neck she flung,
In extacy she cried,
“ Will you be kind? Will you indeede?
“ O! love!”——And so she died.

THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
and very hard is my fare;
But that which troubles me most is
the unkindeſs of my dear;
Yet ſtill I cry, O turn love,
and I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
and alack what remedy.

I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
and I'll marry thee with a ruſhring,
My frozen hopes ſhall thaw then,
and merrily we will ſing:
O turn to me my dear love,
And I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canſt
procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
and be deaf to my pittyful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
and tumble in straw all alone;
Yet still I cry, O turn love,
and I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
the cause of my misery.

HUME AND MURRAY, OR FAIR ROSA-
LINE's ESCAPE.

STOUT Hume, he dwelt in fair Scotland,
A worthy wight was he;
Whene'er he rais'd his burnish'd brand,
He caus'd his foes to flee.

And yet he was in prime of youth,
Of years scant twenty-five;
In deeds of war, to say the truth,
He fear'd no man alive.

Of years scant twenty-five was he,
And comely was his face;
His yellow locks, in ringlets free,
Hung down his neck with grace.

Blue were his eyes, and streams of fire,
When angry, from them came;
Not so when urg'd by soft desire,
He woo'd the yielding dame.

His cheeks were red, for health was there,
And taught the blood to flow;
His limbs were strong, yet light as air
He chac'd the bounding roe.

Stout Hume to youthful Murray said,
My soul is sick with love;
I'm vanquish'd by an English maid;
Thy faith I mean to prove.

Oft hast thou told me, trust my aid,
In any bold emprise;
Quoth Murray, what he once hath said,
Accurs'd be who denies!

The word which once I promis'd have,
I still will keep to death:
Thou shalt not frown upon my grave;
I'm thine while I have breath.

138 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Then saddle straight thy dapple steed,
And take thy bow in hand;
While I, to serve in time of need,
Gird on my trusty band.

And let us straight to Langley's haste,
A churlish knight, and bold;
Fair Rosaline, his daughter chaste,
Is she I long t'enfold.

He is a knight of Percy's train;
And when a hostage there,
I strove fair Rosaline to gain,
But he refus'd my pray'r.

O Rosaline! how passing fair,
How beautiful art thou!
Like clust'ring blossoms waves thy hair
Upon the summer bough.

Thy forehead mocks the mountain snow,
Thy lips the scarlet thread;
Thy cheeks, where blooming roses grow,
Is Cupid's fragrant bed.

In her sweet eyes his form he shrouds,
And whets his darts of war;
Her eyebrows are the heav'nly clouds
Whence breaks the morning star.

Her teeth the iv'ry laugh to scorn,
Her neck the chrystal clear,
Thro' which, in azure channels borne,
The streams of life appear.

The down of whitest swans 'twere flame
To say her breast exceeds;
Its swelling orbs the tender flame
Of love and virtue feeds.

Why sit we here, quoth Murray, then,
And spend our time in words?
Let us together call our men,
And bid them take their swords.

Nay, Murray, nay, but thou and I
Must do this deed alone;
Let us, brave Murray answered, fly,
The deed it shall be done.

Each mounted then his dapple steed,
They left the Scottish strand;
Thro' Langley's wood they now proceed,
In fair Northumberland.

They reach'd the gate at morning tide,
The gate of Langley place:
When thro' a window Rosaline spy'd
Her stately lover's pace.

What light dispels the morning gloom!
'Tis she! my love! 'tis she!
Then to the ditch-side hasted Hume,
And lowly bent his knee.

With speed she thro' the window past,
And lit upon the ground;
While Hume he cross'd the ditch with haste,
He did not stay to found.

He bore her down the bank so steep,
He wanted not a guide;
He cross'd the ditch, both wide and deep,
And landed on t'other side.

They spurr'd their dapple steeds along,
Their steeds out-strip'd the wind;
And soon was Langley's castle strong
Full many a mile behind.

Langley awake! the porter cries,
Your daughter is fled away;
She is fled with Hume; arise! arise!
Pursue without delay!

Then Langley call'd his four bold sons,
As bold as bold could be;
They spur each steed, which swiftly runs,
And scours across the lee.

They spur their steeds with mickle might,
Till on a rising hill,
They see the lovers full in fight,
Yet onward prick they still.

They see the lovers ford the Tweed,
To whom thus Murray kind,
Fly on, my friends, with treble speed,
While I remain behind.

Nay, Heav'n forefend! brave Hume reply'd,
That thou alone should'st stand,
I'll fix my feet thy feet beside,
And meet yon hostile band.

Fly on, fly on, bold Murray cries,
For know, unless I dream,
Unless my bow-string fail, or eyes,
Not one shall cross the stream.

O, spare my father's valu'd life,
Quoth Rosaline, with a sigh;
O, spare my breth'ren in the strife—
Quoth Murray, none shall die.

The lovers fled—His bow he drew,
And twang'd with utmost force,
The arrow from th' elastic yew
Strait kill'd the foremost horse.

142 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Again he shot, nor miss'd his aim,
 Another horse fell dead;
 Three more fell flound'ring in the stream,
 And then bold Murray fled.

He join'd the lovers in their flight,
 The happy deed he told;
 Her cheeks warm blushes render bright,
 Which fear before made cold.

Blushes of joy her cheeks adorn,
 Which Hume with rapture saw;
 The priest was called that blessed morn,
 And sanction'd love with law.

But Langley and his sons with shame,
 From out the water rise;
 On foot, and slower then he came,
 To Percy now he hies.

A boon, earl Percy, I request;
 What boon, said Percy, then!
 That all in glitt'ring armour drest,
 Invade the Scottish men.

For Hume, that thief, hath stole my child,
 My pleasure and my pride:
 He bore her thro' the marshes wild,
 With Murray by his side.

Who, as we cross'd the Tweed, took aim,
Most like a traitor Scot,
And all our horses in the stream
With his sharp arrows shot.

God's blood! quo'h Percy, wicked Cain!
To steal thy Rosaline!
Hath Hume thy bonny daughter ta'en?
I would he had taken mine

For tho' my foe, I love him well,
And prize his martial fire;
Langley, in sooth I shall not mell,
Would he could call me fire!

LOVE AND GRIEF, OR THE DEATH OF
THE SUTHERLANDS.

FROM Caledonia's distant bounds,
Beyond the Murray firth,
Where Scottish men, with warlike sounds
Join dance, and song, and mirth.

There came the lord of Sutherland,
A youth tall, fair, and free;
His race was aye a gallant band,
A gallant youth was he.

He lov'd his king, his country lov'd;
A trusty blade he bore
To smite their foes; by fear unmov'd;
Their foes him dreaded fore.

Yet gentle was he, too, and kind,
As kindest friend might be;
For still in bravest souls, we find,
Dwells sweet humanity.

A youth so brave, a youth so mild,
What lady would not love?
Where'er he came, whene'er he smil'd,
In vain the fair ones strove

To quench the soft, but dang'rous flame
That in their bosoms glow'd;
The kindling blush that went and came
The secret flame still show'd.

Amid the rest, a lovely maid,
Maria hight was seen;
Lovely her looks, her manners staid,
But most her mind, I ween,

Did take who saw, meek was that mind
As meekest infant's smiles;
And wise as age, nor yet inclin'd
To cunning that beguiles.

Nor art nor cunning needed she,
Her soul was fill'd with grace;
Sincerely good, and nobly free,
Her soul beam'd in her face.

In destin'd hour young Sutherland
Beheld the beauteous maid;
Her beauty could his youth withstand,
Such beauty so array'd?

146 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Ah, no! her charms, by Virtue dress'd,
 Did seize the hero's heart;
 He lov'd, he courted, he was blest—
 Death only could them part:—

Nor that long time!—List to my tale,
 A tale of love and woe;
 If pity in your breast prevail,
 List, and a tear bestow.

Midst all that worth and wealth combin'd,
 Which friends and fame confer,
 Of pleasure on the feeling mind,
 Did live this happy pair.

Their happiness to crown, kind Heav'n
 Two pretty babes did lend;
 Lent was the blessing, not so giv'n,
 But for it Heav'n might send.

And send Heav'n did, ere long, for part,
 The eldest was recall'd;
 Both parents sorely ru'd the smart,
 The smart them both appall'd.

Now first appall'd, our warrior brave
 Sunk down in deep dismay;
 And oft he view'd his darling's grave,
 His darling torn away.

Till heavy thoughts revolv'd too oft,
 Oppress'd the springs of life;
 His strength decay'd, his soul was soft,
 It bow'd beneath the strife.

His friends to flee the scene of grief
 Their prudent counsel gave;
 (From objects new we meet relief)
 All sought the youth to save.

Bath's balmy waters gently stream'd,
 Their genial aid to give;
 Each joy-inspiring naiad seem'd
 'To bid the warrior live.

Nathless the lurking sickness gains
 Fast on his weaken'd frame;
 Till grown more bold, encreasing pains
 Reveal'd the fever's flame.

Full thirty days and thirty nights
 Maria tends his bed,
 To her what are the world's delights,
 While there her lord is laid?

To lull his anguish, calm his mind,
 And hand the healing dose,
 Was all her care: For this she pin'd;
 For this she lost repose.

148 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

At length her pious care prevail'd,
 To quell the fierce disease——
 Might he but live, whate'er else fail'd,
 She reck'd not; pain would please.——

Ah me! what tidings do I hear?
 “ She sickens, faints, and dies:
 “ Outworn with watching, grief, and fear,
 “ She falls a sacrifice.”

Hush! hide the woeful chance, look gay,
 And closest silence keep;
 Or smiling, spite of sorrow, say,
 “ The lady is asleep.”

Say so next day, try ev'ry art——
 But ev'ry art is vain:
 Prolong'd suspense, the wishing heart
 Refuseth to sustain.

“ Where is Maria dear,” he cries,
 “ My charmer, where is she,
 “ Whose looks were wont to chear my eyes?
 “ Why doth she fly from me?

“ Go, bring her; say, poor Sutherland,
 “ Bereav'd of her, must die:
 “ Make haste—why do ye speechless stand?
 “ What means that sudden sigh?

“ Alas! alas! Maria’s gone ;
“ I will not here abide ;
“ We cannot part ; we still are one”——
He said, then groan’d, and died.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray’d the battle’s roar
Distant down the hollow wind ;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs’d the sunken day,
That checked his fierce pursuit too soon
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour’d the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero’s pride,
Was now with various carnage spread ;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench’d the dying and the dead.

O’er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon’d all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow’s early child ;

150 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

By duty led, for every vein
 Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
 With Edgar o'er the wintry main
 She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
 In darkest hours might joy impart;
 Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
 Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,
 (The torrent bursting from her eye)
 She heard the signal for the fight—
 While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
 Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious slay;
 His manly heart the charm confest—
 Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon in few—but deadly words,
 Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
 That in the foremost strife of swords
 The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She prest to hear—she caught the tale—
 At ev'ry sound her blood congeal'd;—
 With terror bold—with terror pale,
 She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaz
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
—Of comfort glad, the drear cares
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled—
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,—tho' fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the sculls, 'tis ODIN's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
" Fill the meath, and spread the board,
" Vassals of the griesly Lord."—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In stalk the various forms, and drest
In various armours, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some quivering launces couch, some biting maces
wield:
All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the
crest.

The feast begins, the scull goes round,
Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.
The gust of war subsides—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged
brow.

" Shame to your placed front, ye men of death !"

Cries HILDA, with disorder'd breath.

Hell echoes back her scoff of shame

To the inactive rev'ling Champion's name.

" Call forth the song," she scream'd;—the minstrels
came—

The theme was glorious, war the dear delight
Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

" Joy to the soul," the Harpers sung,

" When embattl'd ranks among,

" The steel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,

(" Banners waving o'er his plume)

" Foremost rides, the flower and boast

" Of the bold determin'd host!"

With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd;
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faithful
sword.

The fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

" Joy to the soul! a joy divine!

" When conflicting armies join;

" When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;

" When strokes of death are dealt around;

" When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;

" And every gauntlet drips with gore."—

154 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce ODIN's self led forth the frantic band,
To scatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

SELDOME COMES THE BETTER:

O R,

Anadmonition to all sorts of people, as husbands, wiues,
masters, and seruants, &c. to auoid mutability, and
to fix their minds on what they possesse.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

YOU men that are well wiued,
And yet doe rail on fate,
As though you were depriv'd
Thereby of happy state;
Learne well to be contented
With a good wife, if you get her,
For often when the old wife's dead,
Seldome comes the better.

I once had a wife,
O would to God she had liued !
For while the Lord lent me her life,
Indifferent well I thriued :
Yet cause that she would chide at me,
I wisht that death would set her ;
But since I have got a worse than shee,
For seldome comes the better.

She would tell me for my good,
That I must leaue my vice,
But I not rightly understood
Her counsell of high price :
Full glad was I when she was dead,
So much at nought I set her ;
But since I haue got a worse in her stead,
For seldome comes the better.

I now haue one that's not content
With any thing I doe ;
The others tongue did me torment,
This scolds and beates mee too.
I thought when I was rid of one,
That Fortune was my debtor ;
But now I see, when one wife's gone,
That seldome comes the better.

156 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

That wife would only me reprove
 For wasting of my store;
 But this, as well as I, doth love
 The good als-pot, and more:
 She'll sit at the alehouse all the day,
 And if the house will let her,
 She'll run on the score, and I must pay;
 Thus feldome comes the better.

The other was a hufwife good,
 When she a penny spent,
 It went from her like drops of bloud,
 Toth' alehouse she ne're went,
 Unlesse it were to fetch home me,
 For which at nought I set her;
 But this wife is quite contrary,
 For feldome comes a better.

And if I doe rebuke her, as
 A husband ought and will,
 She'll call me rogue and rascall base,
 Her tongue will ne're lye still;
 Nay, much adoe I haue to shun
 Her blowes, if much I fret her:
 The other quickly would have done;
 Thus feldome comes the better.

THE SECOND PART.

WHEN I confider well of this,
It fore doth vexe my minde;
O then I thinke what tis to misse
A wife that's true and kinde.
There's many men like me that haue
Good wiues, yet wish for neater,
And faine would send the old toth' graue,
In hope they shall haue better.

But that doth feldome come to passe,
Though many hope it will:
Therefore let him that has a good lasse,
Desire to keep her still:
Nay, though she hath some small defect,
To chide when he doth fret her,
Yet let him not her loue neglect,
For feldome comes the better.

158 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Some thinke that were their old wiues dead,
 Such are there fickle mindes,
 They should get richer in their steade,
 But few or none that findes
 Their expectation answered.
 Suppose the portion's greater,
 Yet he may say as I have sed,
 That seldome comes the better.

There's many lads and lasses young,
 That in good seruice light,
 And yet they thinke that they haue wrong
 To serue their time out quite:
 They loue to shift from place to place,
 Toth' little from the greater,
 Till at last they say, in woefull case,
 Faith, seldome comes the better.

Change of pasture makes fat calues,
 This isa prouerb vs'd,
 Which fore another like it salues,
 And helps the first abus'd.
 A roling stone ne're gathers mosse:
 So hee that is a flitter
 From house to house, shall find with losse,
 That seldome comes the better.

Likewise some men and women both,
When they haue seruants true,
To keepe them ouer-long th' are loth,
But still they wish for new:
And hauing put the old away,
They take some farre vnfitter,
Which being tride, at last they say,
Faith, feldome comes the better.

And he that hath a perfect friend,
Let him retaine his loue,
Lest losing th' old, the new ith' end
A feigned friend doe proue:
And so it happens many times,
As some can tell that yet are
Aliue, and doe lament their crimes,
With feldome comes the better.

Therefore let all, both men and wiues,
Seruants and masters all,
Thinke on this prouerbe all their liues,
The vse on't is not small:
If you are well, yourselues so keepe,
And striue not to be greater;
Be sure to looke before you leape,
For feldome comes the better.

AURA AND ALEXIS.

FAR distant from the busy train
A beauteous pair reside;
The fairest nymph on all the plain,
And he the shepherd's pride.

On Aura blooming health bestows
Charms unimprov'd by art;
Her cheek like modest roses glows,
To captivate the heart.

The lilies, in her bosom plac'd,
Forget their native bed;
And snow-drops, by that bosom grac'd,
A new-born sweetness shed.

Alexis, oft in soft-tun'd lays,
His Aura's beauties sings;
The neighb'ring forest with her praise
In answ'ring echoes rings.

At noon, beside the gurgling stream,
She hears his artless tale;
Or listens to his love-sick theme,
In some sequester'd vale.

Thus blest, and blessing each, they dwelt,
With virtuous passions burn'd;
And, with an heart-felt rapture, felt
That virtuous flame return'd.

But ah! how fleeting are our joys,
How subject to decay!
Corroded by unseen alloys,
They transient pass away.

Near Aura's cot a mansion stood,
And rear'd its lofty head
Amidst the cloud-aspiring wood,
Which far its branches spread.

Alonzo, of a noble race,
Possess'd this stately pile;
A youth adorn'd with every grace
That might the heart beguile.

As passing by one day by chance,
Where lovely Aura stray'd,
He view'd her various charms askance,
And all her form survey'd.

He view'd her lips, of rubies made,
Her glossy nut-brown hair,
Whose ringlets cast a pleasing shade,
And made her neck more fair.

162 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

The frighted maid, in dread surprize,
 With fault'ring footsteps flew,
 And turning back her sparkling eyes,
 " From whence," she cry'd, " are you?"

The youth with extacy address'd
 The unexperienc'd maid:
 " Return, return, thou heav'n-born guest,
 " Nor be of aught afraid.

" Let no vain doubts thy thoughts molest,
 " Thou more than mortal fair;
 " Be lull'd thy mind to tranquil rest,
 " And banish'd every care.

" Behold thy suppliant lover faint
 " Entreats thee not to fly;
 " Oh, deign to hear his tender plaint,
 " Or bid him instant die.

" But Nature never form'd that frame
 " On purpose to destroy;
 " Then let me from thy pity claim
 " A distant hope of joy."

In am'rous strains he told, with sighs,
 The flame his bosom felt,
 And pearly tears bedew'd his eyes,
 The lovely maid to melt.

With elegance his language flow'd,
In pleasing accents dress'd,
And while her face with blushes glow'd,
Her willing hand he press'd.

Her half-averted cheek he kiss'd,
And vow'd his love sincere;
Nor could her feeling heart resist
The tribute of a tear.

Awhile her wav'ring mind's resolv'd;
Awhile she doubts again;
Now thinks how well Alexis lov'd,
Then deems his loving vain.

At length she bids a last farewell
To swains and rural life,
Forfakes her peaceful, humble cell,
And is Alonzo's wife.

In scenes of joy her time she spends,
With mirth her hours glide,
And chearful gaiety attends
This more than happy bride.

Her days 'midst soft delights she pass,
In pleasure's myſtic round,
Each night more happy than the last,
With fresh enjoyments crown'd.

But soon the fickle youth was cloy'd
 With even Aura's charms;
 He saw, admr'd, and enjoy'd,
 Then fated—left her arms.

Say, who can paint the various pains
 Which Aura's bosom rent,
 Or who recount her piteous strains,
 And not her fate lament?

'Twas now she found her native cot
 Could more content bestow,
 Than those in an exalted lot,
 Amidst their greatness, know.

'Twas now she thought on those blest days,
 Devoid of guilt or fear,
 When she her faithful shepherd's lays
 With rapture us'd to hear.

“ Alas! forsaken as thou art,”
 The haplesse mourner cry'd,
 “ Justly thy bosom feels the smart
 “ Of coquetry and pride.

“ Ah, why did flatt'ry's syren voice
 “ So soon enchant my ear?
 “ Or why was glitt'ring state my choice,
 “ Beset with thorns of care?

“ Say, injur’d youth—Alexis say—

“ Have not the gods above

“ Espous’d thy cause with rigid sway,

“ And punish’d faithless love?

“ But cease, my heart, upbraiding’s vain,

“ Nor fill with tears my eye,

“ No more with fruitless words complain,

“ But teach me how to die.

“ And if departed souls attend

“ The actions of mankind,

“ Ah, may I be the guardian friend

“ Of him I leave behind!

“ Oh, may I ever whisper peace

“ To dear Alexis’ mind,

“ And may he soon his joys increase

“ With one more just and kind!”

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILLIS.

A MYNTAS on a summer's day,
To shun Apollo's beames,
Was driving of his flockes away,
To tast some cooling streames;
And through a forrest as he went
Unto a riuer side,
A voyce which from a groue was sent
Inuited him to bide.

The voyce well seem'd for to bewray
Some male-contented minde:
For oft times did he heare it say,
Ten thousand times vnkind:
The remnant of that raging mone
Did all escape his eare,
For euery word brought forth a grone,
And euery grone a teare.

And neerer when he did repaire,
Both face and voyce he knew,
He saw that Phillis was come there
Her plaints for to renew:
Thus leauing her vnto her plaints,
And sorrow-flaking grones,
He heard her deadly discontents
Thus all breake forth at once.

Amintas, is my loue to thee
Of such a light account,
That thou disdain'st to looke on me,
Or loue as thou wert wont?
Where those the oaths that thou didst make,
The vowes thou didst conceiue,
When I, for thy contentment's sake,
Mine hearts delight did leaue?

How oft didst thou protest to me,
The heauens should turne to nought,
The sunne should first obscured be
Ere thou wouldst change thy thought?
Then, heau'n, dissolue without delay;
Sunne, shew thy face no more,
Amyntas loue is lost for ay,
And woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had been wise,
Foreseene what now I finde!
But too much loue did fill mine eyes,
And made my iudgement blinde:
But ah, alas! th' effect doth proue
Thy drifts were but deceit,
For true and vndissembled love
Will neuer turne to hate.

All thy behauiours were (God knowes)
Too smooth and too discreet:
Like sugar which impoyned growes,
Suspect because its sweet:
Thine oaths and vowes did promise more
Then well thou couldst performe,
Much like a calme that comes before
An unexpected storme.

God knowes, it would not grieue me much
For to be kill'd for thee:
But oh! too neere it doth me touch,
That thou shouldst murder mee;
God knowes, I care not for the paine
Can come for losse of breath;
Tis thy vnkindnesse, cruel swaine,
That grieues me to the death.

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

169

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
 If any fault of mine
 Hath giuen thee cause thus to betray
 Mine hearts delight and thine?
 No, no, alas! it could not be,
 My loue to thee was such,
 Unlesse that if I vrged thee,
 In louing thee too much.

But ah, alas! what doe I gaine,
 By these my fond complaints?
 My dolour doubles thy disdaine,
 My grieve thy ioy augments:
 Although it yield no greater good,
 It oft doth ease my mind,
 For to reproach th' ingratitude
 Of him who is unkind.

With that her hand, cold, wan, and pale,
 Upon her brest she layes,
 And seeing that her breath did faile,
 She sighes, and then she sayes,
 "Amyntas!" and with that, poor mayd,
 She sigh'd againe full fore,
 That after that she neuer sayd,
 Nor sigh'd nor breath'd no more.

THE DEBTOR.

BY SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's
pray'r!

O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair

Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of pleasure strewed my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gainish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below ;
Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears ;
'Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted ;— (who from faults is always free ?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort or for aid ?
To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend !

E'en he, amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreaths by Hymen wove ;
While pale-eyed avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowled o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet, sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

172 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave :
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb.

C O L M A.

'TIS night: and on the hill of storms
Alone doth Colma stray :
While round her shriek fantastic forms
Of ghosts that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
The whirlwind's voice is high :
To save her from the wind and rain,
No friendly shelter nigh!

Rise, moon! kind stars! appear a while ;
And guide me to the place,
Where rests my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chase.

Some light! direct me, helpless maid!

Where sitting on the ground,
His bow unstrung is near him aid,
His panting dogs around.

Else by the rock, the stream beside,
I here must sit me down;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

Ah! why, my Salgar! this delay,
Where stray thy ling'ring feet?
Didst thou not promise in the day
Thy love at night to meet?

Here is the rock, and here the tree,
Thine own appointed spot;
Thy promise canst thou break with me?
And is my love forgot?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride?
My father's house would fly,
For thee forsake my mother's side;
With thee to live and die.

Be hush'd, ye winds! how loud ye brawl!
Stream! stand a moment still;
Perhaps my love may hear me call,
Upon the neighbouring hill.

174 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Ho! Salgar! Salgar! mend thy pace;
 To Colma haste away.
'Tis I, and this th' appointed place:
 Ah! wherefore this delay?

Kind moon! thou giv'st a friendly light;
 And lo! the glassy stream,
And the grey rocks, through dusky night,
 Reflect thy silver beam.

Yet I descry not Salgar's form;
 No dogs before him run.—
Shall I not perish by the storm,
 Before to-morrow's sun?

But what behold I, on the heath?
 My love! my brother! laid—
O speak, my friends! nor hold your breath,
 T' affright a trembling maid.

They answer not—they sleep—they're dead—
 Alas! the horrid sight—
Here lie their angry swords, still red,
 And bleeding from the fight.

Ah! wherefore lies, by Salgar slain,
 My brother bleeding here?
Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,
 By one to me so near?

Friends of my choice! how lov'd were both!

Who now your fame shall raise?

Who sing my lover's plighted troth;

My brother's song of praise?

Of thousands lovely, Salgar's face

Was loveliest to the sight:

Renown'd my brother for the chase,

And terrible in fight:

Sons of my love! speak once again—

Ah no! —to death a prey,

Silent they are, and must remain;

For cold their breasts of clay.

But ere their fleeting spirits fled,

Across the plain so soon!

Or shun the shadows of the dead

The glimpses of the moon?

Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,

Still clash your souls of fire,

Or reconcil'd, in some dark cave

Your peaceful ghosts retire.

Ah! where her friends shall Colma find?

Hark — No — they're silent still —

No muttering answer brings the wind:

No whisper o'er the hill.

176 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Fearless, yet overwhelm'd with grief,
I sit all night in tears;
Hopeless of comfort or relief,
When morning light appears.

Yet raise, ye friends of these the dead,
On this sad spot their tomb;
But close not up their narrow bed;
Till hapless Colma come.

For why behind them should we stay,
Whose life is now a dream?
Together here our corse lay,
Beside the murmuring stream.

So shall my shivering ghost be seen,
Lamenting o'er the slain;
As homeward hies the hunter keen,
Benighted on the plain.

Yet shall he, fearless, pass along,
And lend his listening ear,
For sweet, though sad, shall be my song,
For friends I lov'd so dear.

PRINCE EDWARDE AND ADAM
GORDON.

TO Adam Gordon's gloomye haunte
Prince Edwarde wounde hys waye;
" And coulde I but meete that bold outlawe,
" In the wolde where he doth laye!

Prince Edwarde boldlye wounde his waye
The briars and bogs amonge;
" And coulde I but finde that bolde outlawe,
" Hys lyfe shoulde not be longe.

" For hee hath harrowed merrye Hampshire,
" And manye a spoile possesse;
" A bolder outlawe than this wight
" Ne'er trod by east and weste.

" And now come on, my merrye men all,
" Nor heede the drearye waye;
" For coulde I but meete that bolde outlawe,
" Full soone I woulde hym slaye.

378 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

“ And when wee meete in hardye fyghte,
 “ Let no one come bet weene;
 “ For Adam o’Gordon’s as brave a man
 “ As ever foughte on greene.”

Then spake a knyghte, “ It may be longe
 “ Ere Gordon you shall fynde;
 “ For hee dothe dwelle in a drearye haunte,
 “ Remote from human kynde.

“ Among the woldes and deepe morasse
 “ Hys lodging hee hath ta’en;
 “ And never that wand’ring wight wente in,
 “ That ere came out agayne.

“ So darke, so narrowe, and so dreare,
 “ The wyndings all aboute,
 “ That scarce the birdes that scim the aire
 “ Can fynde their way throoute.”

Prince Edwarde drewe hys darke browne fworde,
 And shooke hys shynyng lance:
 “ And rather I’d fyghte thys bolde outlawe,
 “ Then alle the peers of France.”

Prince Edwarde grasped his buckler strong,
 And proudly marched forth:
 “ And rather I’d conquer thys bolde outlawe,
 “ Then alle the knyghtes o’ the northe.”

And then bespake a valiante knyghte :

“ Now, prince, thy wordes make goode ;

“ For yonder I see that proude outlawe,

“ A cominge forthe the woode.”

Then quick the prince lit off hys fleede,

And onwarde wounde hys waye :

“ Now stande yee bye, my merrie men alle,

“ And yee shall see brave playe.”

Brave Adam o’Gordon sawe the prince,

As hee cam forthe the wolde ;

And soone he knewe hym by hys shielde,

And hys banners all of golde.

“ Arouze,” he criede, “ my merrie men alle,

“ And stande yee welle your grounde ;

“ For yonder great prince Edwarde coms,

“ For valoure so renownde.”

“ Now welcom, welcom, Adam Gordon,

“ I’m gladde I have thee founde ;

“ For manye a daye I’ve soughte for thee,

“ Thro’ alle the countrye rounde.”

“ Nowe heare I sweare,” brave Adam cried,

“ Had I but so beene tolde,

“ I woulde have met thee longe ’ere nowe,

“ In citie or in wolde.”

Oh then began as fierce a fyghte
 As 'ere was foughte in fielde;
 The prince was floute, the outlawe strong,
 Their heartes with courage stecl'de.

Full manye an houre in valiante fyghte
 These chieftaines bolde did close;
 Full manye an houre the hilles and woodes
 Recchoed with their blowes.

Full many a warriour floode arounde
 That marvellous fighte to see,
 While from their woundes the gushing bloode
 Ranne like the fountaine free.

Thrice they agreede, o'erspent with toyle,
 To cease their sturdye blowes;
 And thrice they stopp'd to quench their thirste,
 And wipe their bloodye browes.

Edward aye lov'd that bravery
 Which Adam prov'd in fighte,
 And, with congenial virtue fir'd,
 Resolv'd to do him righte.

" Adam, thy valour charms my soule,
 " I ever love the brave;
 " And tho' I feare not thy dread sworde,
 " Thy honoure I woulde save.

- “ Here, Gordon, do I plighte my hande,
“ My honour and renowne,
“ That, if thou to my fworde wilt yeilde,
“ And my allegiance owne—
- “ But more,—if thou wilt be my friende,
“ And faithful share my hearte,
“ I’ll ever prove gentle unto thee—
“ Wee never more wille parte.
- “ Thou, in the raging battle’s houre,
“ Shalle aye fighte by my side,
“ And at my table and my court,
“ In time of peace preside.
- “ When prosperous fate shall gilde my throne,
“ Thou shalt partake my joye;
“ When troubles low’re, to soothe thy prince
“ Shall be thy sole employe.
- “ And I to thee the same will prove,
“ A gentle bosom friend;
“ In joy to share thy happinesse,
“ In woe thy care to end.
- “ Nowe, Adam, take thy lasting choice,
“ Thy prince awaites thy worde:
“ Accepte, brave man, my smile or frowne—
“ My friendship or my fworde.”

132 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Brave Adam, struck with wonder, gaz'd—
 Hee sigh'd at every worde;
 Then, falling quicke upon hys knee,
 Hee gave the prince hys sworde.

Upon the warrioure's dark browne cheek
 A teare was seene to shyne——
 Hee layde hys hande upon hys hearte——
 " Brave Edward, I am thyne."

The pytying prince the warriour rais'de,
 And pres'd hym to his hearte;
 " Adam, thy prince will bee thy friende,—
 " We never more will parte."

A shouting from their followers bye
 Proclaym'd the joyful sounde;
 The hills and woodlandes, echoing loud,
 Dispers'd the tydyngs rounde.

The prince then made that brave outlawe
 On hys own steede to ryde,
 With banners rich and trappings gaye,
 And he rode by hys fyde.

And when with shoutes to Guilforde towne
 Thys noble trayne came on,
 O'erjoy'd, our royal queene came forthe,
 To meete her warlyke son.

- “ Fayre son, fayre son, more deare to mee,
“ Than alle that lyfe can give,
“ Full many a daye the losse of thee
“ Hath caus’d my hearte to grieve.
- “ And whence that stayne upon thy shielde?
“ That bloode upon thy browe?
“ Oh! thou hast had some desperate fyghte,
“ And didst not let mee knowe.
- “ Was it among the rebel hofte
“ Thy sworde hath got this stayne?
“ And are their banners overthrowne?
“ And proude Earl Derbye slaine?
- “ Or is’t where Kenilworth’s proud tow’res
“ O’erlook the neighbour playne,
“ That thou hast rear’d thy conquering armes,
“ And fix’d thy father’s reigne.
- “ Oh! I’ve not been where Derby’s earl
“ The rebel cause upholdes;
“ But I’ve o’ercome a braver man,
“ ’Mong forests, bogs, and wolds.
- “ Nor have I seene proud Kenilworth,
“ With tow’rs all arowe;
“ But I’ve o’ercome a braver man
“ Than Kenilworth ’ere did knowe.

“ Adam o’ Gordon is that man,
“ A braver ne’er was seene”—
Then tooke the warrioure by the hande,
And led hym to the queene.

And there the Gordon was carrefs’d,
With tiltes and revelrye;
And none in alle the tournamentes,
Was founde with him to vye.

Where’ere the royal Edward foughte,
Brave Gordon aye woulde wende;
And Edward, like a noble prince,
Was ever Gordon’s friende.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dewes of summer nighte did falle,
The moone (sweete regente of the skye)
Silver'd the walles of Cumnor Halle,
And manye an oake that grewe therebye.

Nowe noughte was hearde beneath the skies,
(The foundes of busye lyfe were stille,)
Save an unhappie ladie's fighes,
That issued from that lonelye pile.

"Liecester," shee cried, "is thys thy love

"That thou so oft has sworne to mee,

"To leave mee in thys lonelye grove,

"Immurr'd in shameful privitie?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speede,

"Thy once-beloved bryde to see;

"But bee shee alive, or bee shee deade,

"I feare (sterne earle's) the same to thee.

- “ Not so the usage I receiv’d,
 “ When happye in my father’s halle;
 “ No faithlesse husbände then me griev’d,
 “ No chilling feares did mee appall.
- “ I rose up with the chearful morne,
 “ No lark more blith, no flow’r more gaye;
 “ And, like the birde that hauntes the thorne,
 “ So merrylic sung the live-long daye.
- “ If that my beautye is but smalle,
 “ Among court ladies all despis’d;
 “ Why didst thou rend it from that halle,
 “ Where (scorneful earle) it well was priz’d?
- “ And when you first to mee made suite,
 “ How fayre I was you ofte woulde saye!
 “ And, proude of conquest—pluck’d the fruite,
 “ Then leste the blossom to decaye.
- “ Yes, nowe neglected and despis’d,
 “ The rose is pale—the lilly’s deade—
 “ But hee that once their charmes so priz’d,
 “ Is sure the cause those charms are fledde.
- “ For knowe, when sick’ning grieve doth preye
 “ And tender love’s repay’d with scorne,
 “ The sweetest beautye will decaye—
 “ What flow’ret can endure the storme?

- “ At court I’m tolde is beauty’s throne,
“ Where everye lady’s passing rare;
“ That eastern flow’rs, that shame the sun,
“ Are not so glowing, not foe fayre.
- “ Then, earle, why didst thou leave the bedds
“ Where roses and were lillys vie,
“ To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
“ Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye?
- “ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,
“ Among the fields wild flow’rs are faire;
“ Some countrie swayne might mee have won,
“ And thoughte my beautie passing rare.
- “ But, Leicester, (or I much am wronge)
“ Or tis not beautye lures thy vowes;
“ Rather ambition’s gilded crowne
“ Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- “ Then, Leicester, why, again I pleade,
“ (The injur’d surelye may repyne,)
“ Why didst thou wed a countrie mayde,
“ When some fayre princeffe might be thyne?
- “ Why didst thou praise my humble charmes,
“ And, oh! then leave them to decaye?
“ Why didst thou win me to thy armes,
“ Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye?

158 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

“ The village maidens of the plaine

“ Salute me lowly as they goe ;

“ Envious they marke my filken trayne,

“ Nor thinke a countesse can have woe.

“ The simple nymphs ! they little knowe,

“ How farre more happy's their estate—

“ —To smile for joye—than sigh for woe—

“ —To be contente—than to be greate.

“ Howe farre lesse bleste am I than them ?

“ Dailye to pyne and waste with care !

“ Like the poore plante, that from its stem

“ Divided—feeles the chilling ayre.

“ Nor (cruel earl !) can I enjoye

“ The humble charmes of solitude ;

“ Your minions proude my peace destroye,

“ By fullen frownes or pratings rude.

“ Lasse nyghte, as sad I chanc'd to straye,

“ The village deathe-bell smote my care ;

“ They wink'd asyde, and seem'd to saye,

“ Countesse, prepare—thy end is neare.

“ And nowe, while happye peasantes sleepe,

“ Here I set lonelye and forlorne ;

“ No one to soothe mee as I weepe,

“ Save phylomel on yonder thorne.

“ My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
“ Still that dreade deathe-bell smites my eare;
“ And many a boding seemes to faye,
“ Countesse, prepare—thy end is neare.”

Thus fore and sad that ladie griev'd,
In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare;
And manye a heartefelte fighe shee heav'd,
And let falle manye a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of daye appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and dreare,
Fulle manye a piercing screame was hearde,
And manye a crye of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
An aerial voyce was hearde to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd it's wyng
Arounde the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiffe howl'd at village doore,
The oaks were shatter'd on the greene;
Woe was the houre—for never more
That haplesse countesse e'er was seene.

And in that manor now no more
Is chearful feaste and sprightly balle;
For ever since that drearye houre
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maides, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the antient mossgrowne walle;
 Nor ever leade the merrie dance,
 Among the groves of Cumnor Halle.

Full manye a travellor oft hath sigh'd,
 And penfive wepte the countess' falle,
 As wand'ring onwards they've espied
 The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Halle.

THE BITTER FRUITES OF JEALOUSIE.

" **G**OE, shutte the doore, my Edwarde deere,
 " Shutte close the doore, I praye;
 " Lette nae keene searche my treadinge trace,
 " Ne listene what I saie;

" Lette nane my subtile entraunce knowe,
 " My troubled motion spie,
 " Ne smallest sunne-beame penetrate
 " The tell-tale of mine eye."

So Alleyne spake, as guilt-beflain'd
 Some nooke he did explore,
 When instincte ledde his pathlesse foote
 To Edwarde's frendlie doore.

'Tween horrid dreede, and conscious shame,
Fu' mighte was the strife,
While from his now-enfeebled hands
Downe dropp'd a reeking knife.

What means that Steele? What means that glow,
Wherewith thy visage burnes?
Now ghastlie pale, alack, succeeds,
And now the redde returnes.

" Saye, will yee plighte your promise deere,
" And wille yee plighte your faye,
" That what I now entruste to yee
" Your tongue shall ne'er betraye?"

Yea, I wille plight my promise deere,
And I will plight my faye,
That what yee shall entrust to mee
My tongue shall ne'er betraye.

" Ah! was shee not the fairest faire,
" More deare than life to mee?
" Yet ne'er shall I againe beholde
" My Lucie sweete to see."

Yea, shee was fairest of the faire,
Deere as thy life to thee—
And hast thou scath'd with deadlie stroke
Thy Lucie sweete to see?

192 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

" Wae worth the daye! That verie wreathē,
 " Which with a lovinge vowē
 " This morne I gave her, I behelde,
 " Ere noone, on Edwin's brow.

" When as shee tooke it sweete shee smil'd,
 " Yet could shee from it parte?
 " Sae proude, methought, hee taunted mee,
 " Fu' deepe it irk'd my hearte.

" And irk'd be stille this cruel hearte!
 " Oh! had yee seene the wounde,
 " And had yee seene the streaminge blude,
 " How faste it slain'd the grounde!

" And had yee seene her sickninge eye,
 " How fore it soughte reliefe!
 " And had yee seene her bodie sinke,
 " You woulde have dyed for griefe!

" And irk'd be stille this cruel hearte,
 " When as shee there did lye,
 " That coulde not with my Lucie deere
 " A moment slaye, and dye!"

Alleyne, my friend, yee grieve my soule,
 Your flighte, I weene, was just,
 Sine shee is gone, that fairest faire,
 And sunken into duste.

But who alonge yon cypresse-pathe
Is ledde fae heavilie?

Ah! mee! my Alleyne deere, it is—
How sadde shee eyeth thee!

And, ah! how sadde yon virgins looke,
Who leade her to my boure?
Appear they not as drizlinge dewes,
Fresninge some faded floure?

With fuche a looke as mothers aft
Rebuke a darlinge childe,
Sae eyed shee her Alleyne deere,
Sae ruthe, fae sweete, fae milde!

“ I marvelle not,” shee faintlie cried,
“ Yee seeme a manne of stone! —
“ The wellle of life is nae yet drie,
“ My daies are nae yet done.

“ Sette, sette your troubled minde at ease,
“ My hearte yee didde nae touche;
“ Yee strooke too shorte to reache my life,
“ Whereat I gladdene muche.

“ Could yee, such vowes as I have vow'd,
“ Deeme I could faithlesse bee?
“ The blossome to the breathe of springe
“ Was scant fae true as mee.

194 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

That wreathe, which yee this morne did see

“ Sae trimme on Edwyn’s browe,

“ Edwyn’s ain spitefu’ hande had wroughte,

“ And Edwin weares it nowe.

“ When love yee breathe, yee fickle manne

“ Been smoothe as summer-wave;

“ But when with jealousie yee swelle,

“ As winter-florme yee rave.

“ Rashe manne! ah! how by jealousie

“ Have yee your fortunes croste!

“ As true a maide as ever lov’d

“ Yee have for ever losse.

“ To hie to this your friend’s abode,

“ Here breathe my prayres for yee,

“ For life, for healthe, for ease of minde,

“ Was a’ was left for mee.”

Can yee not pardon the high faulte

Which love didde gar mee doe?

“ Yes, I canne pardon a’ the faulte,

“ And stille to love be true.”

And shalle the bridal-knotte be tyed,

And shalle wee happie bee?

“ The brydal-knotte canne ne’er be tyed,

“ Ne canne I staye with thee;

“ For I to Chrifte a vowe have made,
 “ And kepte that vowe shalle bee,
 “ That manne nae mair shalle vexe my hearte,
 “ Nae mair shalle trouble mee.

“ That straite I wille mysel betake
 “ Unto a nunnerie,
 “ In faste and prayre to ende my dayes
 “ And kepte that vowe shalle bee.

“ Go yee, and seeke a fairer bride,
 “ And live in pleasaunce gaye,
 “ While to the house of godlinesse
 “ I take mysel awaye.”

Naye, doe nae wende yee quite awaye,
 Liste, liste, my piercinge ca’!
 Returne! and for youre broken vowe,
 On mee the paine be a!

“ She’s gane.”—He heav’d a deepe-drawne sigh,
 As braft his hearte in twaine,
 Sine to the ground fast-falled he,
 And never rose againe.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greater
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
Hee every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,
nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him
by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old
cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and
bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many
shrewd blows,

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS. 197

And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man
dumb,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own
grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good
pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be
kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-
clin'd;

Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

198 SELECT ANCIENT POEMS.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his
land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor
stand;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keep-
ing, or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens
hair;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that doe the poor no
good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither
coal nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals
neer stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuf't full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

SELECT ANCIENT POEMS. 199

With a knew buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and
toys;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must
be gone,

And leave none to keep house, but our new porter
John,

Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is com-
pleat,

With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry
up the meat,

With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
neat,

Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
gold,

For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;

And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown
so cold,

Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

TIME's ALTERATION.

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays,
(Believe me, this is true)
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was knew.

The nobles of our land
Where much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good Hospitality

Was cherish'd then of many:
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any;
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few:
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where ever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modestly women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black Jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew;
We wanted no brawn nor soufe,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drunk beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor foldier's pay;
They were not so abus'd,
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live;
Lord, mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.



FINIS.

